

Aurea Venetrix

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Category: Vampire Diaries

Genre: Romance, Supernatural

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-07 19:36:52

Updated: 2016-04-13 21:14:03

Packaged: 2016-04-27 22:18:38

Rating: M

Chapters: 3

Words: 5,478

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Caroline is unique, half vampire, half human and she makes it her mission to hunt down as many vampires as possible, her success eventually earning her the title of Aurea Venetrix, meaning golden huntress. However she meets her match when she is captured by Klaus Mikaelson. Devilishly handsome, English and just as unique as Caroline herself, the pair form a reluctant alliance.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*A/N: Hi guys, so this is my first time posting a fic or writing anything for Klaroline, although I am a huge fan of the pairing and have been an even bigger fan of the show as a whole since it first aired. I finally got around to starting it though and will hopefully continue it if people feel I should. I guess it was inspired in part by beauty and the beast, a pairing I feel bares remarkable similarities to Klaroline, hence the fact that they are both outcasts and I wanted to write them in a situation where they reluctantly get to know each other. This fic doesn't have a beta reader so I apologize in advance for any mistakes. I'd love to hear people's opinions, and if anyone picks up on any mistakes or feels there are tags etc I should have included I'd really appreciate it if they'd drop me a comment XD Anyway thanks so much for giving it a go if you decide to and let me know what you think! X\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Caroline leaned on the bar, her blonde hair spilling over one shoulder of her black top, against which it seemed almost white. She lolled her head to one side causing the curls to tumble about her and pushed her red lips out a little. She wasn't there long enough to be that drunk yet but liked to give the impression that she was. The bar-tender was there to take her order almost immediately, eyes dropping momentarily to her low-cut neckline. She twirled her hair absentmindedly and ordered a gin and tonic before turning her gaze to sweep the crowd inside the club. However, there appeared to be only people there.</p>

This was the pattern to her weekends now, trawling through the clubs within a three hour drive of Mystic Falls. However she wasn't here to date, despite the opinions of her classmates and her mother. After her first boyfriend, Tyler, she wasn't sure she wanted to ever wanted to date again. If the guy was alive she wasn't interested. It said a lot about her love life, or lack of one. No, the only special someone Caroline was looking for was one she hoped to bury six feet under by the end of the night.

She'd been hunting these creatures for around five years now, maybe she had a death wish. Her lips curled upwards in a smirk, ironic really given she was already half dead. Her mother was the only one currently in on the secret, to everyone else she was just odd.

Caroline hadn't always known what she was, but as she grew older it became clear that she was different from the other children. She learned to hide her differences as best she could and accept her mother's reluctance to talk about it. It wasn't until she was sixteen that her mother had finally told her what she was. Even her relatively newly acquired step-father didn't know what was in her, but then again neither did those she hunted.

Having no luck at playing bait she decided to abandon her seat at the bar and go in search of someone minus a pulse. She hadn't been weaving through the crowd for long when she felt a wave of energy. Her eyes landed on a man seated in one of the booths lined up against the back wall.

In the dark of the club all she could make out was his high cheekbones and mop of dark blonde hair but his features became clearer as he raised his head to catch her staring at him. His strong, arched brows, angular jaw and pale skin was a combination which made him devilishly handsome. And then his eyes, they were haunting, a vivid baby blue, ringed by the deepest indigo. \_Got you.\_

Caroline pasted a false smile on her face and sauntered over before sliding into the seat opposite him.

"Mind if I join you?" She asked, trying her best to sound alluring.

"I'm busy." He sounded impatient and had a distinct English accent.

Caroline paused, uncertain how to continue. This hadn't happened with his kind before, they were usually easy pickings. Reaching out, she traced a finger lightly over his hand, only to feel a surge of power. He definitely wasn't human.

"Pity, I was hoping to find a good time", she flashed him what she hoped was a seductive smile and barely managed to avoid cringing at her choice of words. A curl of amusement graced his lips and his blue eyes raked her appraisingly. This close she could see the flecks of silver in them.

"Bad timing, luv. I'll find you later".

He flicked his hand to dismiss her and she hesitated before getting up and walked away, seeing no other option. Now what was she supposed to do. She made her way to the bathroom to inspect her appearance and finding nothing obviously out of place she emerged a few minutes later, only to find he had gone. A search of the club produced nothing, so she stalked back to the bar, cursing her lack of productivity.

She had just ordered a fresh drink when a voice next to her spoke, "Beautiful women shouldn't drink alone".

She glanced to her right with the intention of turning him down before feeling the shift of energy which marked him as supernatural, albeit much fainter than that of the previous one.

He smiled revealing a set of pearly white teeth, "What's your name?"

Caroline tilted her head to the side in a flirtatious manner, exposing her neck, "Carol Phillips".

Short for Caroline, and the name of the first vamp who had tried to kill her, no one could accuse her of lacking sentimentality. His name was Killian and he was twenty-four, two years older than Caroline, or so he claimed. The club began to close up not long after that and he offered to drive her home, an offer which she graciously accepted.  
\_This one isn't going to get away\_.

He picked a deserted area to make his move, which suited her perfectly. Experience had thought her that it would be easier to dispose of a car that hasn't someone hasn't been killed in so when he made his move, she managed to open the door of his car and scramble out of it, shrieking with feigned terror. She pretended to trip and as he loomed over her his face changed to reveal his true nature. A pair of upper fangs appeared, where none had been before, and veins began to protrude around his knelt to grasp her neck and she slipped her hand into her pocket whilst pretending to struggle.

"It will be over soon".

And then she struck, driving the stake upwards until it pierced his heart. After a moment she pushed his corpse off her and got to her feet, wiping the blood on her jeans, "you were right," she murmured "It was over soon."

It was later again when she eventually returned home, having disposed of the body and the vehicle, but she was in high spirits, turned out the night hadn't been a complete waste of her time after all. One had gotten away, but another would be harming innocents no more. Her mother was asleep when she arrived home but she'd tell her about it in the morning. It was the first thing she asked when Caroline arrived home and Bill was out of earshot, Did you get one of those things? Caroline grinned, she most certainly had.

She was in such a good mood that she decided to try her luck at the same club the following night. It was crowded again, as expected of a weekend. Having found nothing on her initial sweep of the place and feeling slightly dejected she headed for the bar, failing to notice the shift in the air before she heard his voice behind her.

"I'm ready for a good time now."

She whirled, ready to tear strips off the unknown creep before stopping. It was him. She felt her cheeks heat up when she remembered what she had said the night before, apparently he remembered it as well. She paused, thrown off guard and unsure how to respond.

"Well, let's go", he trailed his finger along her jaw before leaning in to whisper in her ear, "Changed your mind luv?" He asked, a challenge in his eyes.

Not wanting to lose him again she gestured towards the door, "Lead the way."

He grinned, "oh no, ladies first".

Caroline obliged, glancing over her shoulder to ensure he was still following. Once outside he looked at her expectantly, "well get your ride and we'll be off".

She tried to appear unphased but the diversion from her usual routine had shaken her. As she lead the way to her truck she wobbled slightly, hoping he'd think she'd been knocking back the alcohol.

"You want to drive?, I'm feeling a bit woozy" she asked dangling the keys at him and flashing him an apologetic smile.

"I'd rather not" he responded, his strong English accent beginning to grate on her for some reason.

He looked her up and down, blue eyes glittering and his tongue tracing the inside of his bottom lip. Reluctantly but left with little choice, Caroline climbed into the driver side of the truck, she had slid the stake into the right leg of her jeans, given she had always been in the passenger seat before now. She bit her lip nervously and pulled away from the club, heading for the road out of town. Several minutes passed without either of them speaking, the silence was unnerving.

"What's your name?" She asked, blurting out the first thing that had come to mind.

"Does it matter,luv?"

Caroline swallowed nervously, "Just curious, mines Carol." She took a side road leading down to a lake.

"If you say so, luv" he drawled.

She shot him an annoyed glance before steering us deeper into the woods, oh I was going to enjoy this. When the truck came to a halt, he continued to sit as he had been, there was no way she could go for the stake yet.

"There's not much room.." She began, opening the door of the truck.

He didn't budge and a quick grin lit his face, "Plenty of room luv".

"It's Carol" she snapped, she was beginning to feel seriously aggravated, she hoped this hurt like hell.

He ignored her completely responding with, "Well, let's see what you got then".

Arrogant prick she repeated over and over in her head as she eyed him warily, this was way further then she had let things get before.

"You too" she responded beginning to unbutton her jeans.

He was only too happy to comply and began to loosen his belt, she ducked her head to avoid looking at him and her hand closed around the stake concealed in her jeans. That turned out to be her biggest mistake of the night, as she missed his hand clenching until it was too late and his fist collided with her head shockingly fast. There was a flash of pain and then there was nothing.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N: Chapter 2! XD Again I apologize in advance for any mistakes and reviews are greatly appreciated! X\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>When Caroline finally awoke, the first thing she noticed was a throbbing pain that pounded violently behind her eyes. She opened them agonizingly slowly, blinking as she encountered the fluorescent lighting coming from the ceiling. Her wrists were chained above her and a wave of nausea brought on by the sharp pain in her head caused her to pitch forward and emit a low groan, fighting the urge to throw up.</p>

"Look who finally decided to rejoin the land of the living."

Her head snapped up at the sound of his mocking voice and when she caught sight of the vampire as he emerged from the shadows she attempted to scoot backwards, only to have her back meet with the wall her hands were chained to. Her feet had been cuffed together too and her top and jeans were missing, along with any weapons she had concealed in them, Oh hell..

"Who do you work for?", his eyes hardened and the mocking tone had left his voice, to be replaced with a cold detachment.

The question surprised her so much it took her a moment to answer, "I.. No one."

"Bullshit, once again who do you work for?", he bit the words out between his teeth and moved closer.

Something in his predatory gait screamed danger causing Caroline to stiffen, "I told you, I don't work for anyone."

She blinked and suddenly he was inches from her face, protruding fangs gleaming under the lights.

"I know you're lying", he whispered, lowering his head until his mouth brushed her neck.

She continued to hold herself rigid, biting down on her lip to avoid pleading for her life.

"I know your lying," he continued. "Because last night I was looking for someone and when I finally spotted him I saw the same lovely blonde who'd been batting her eyelashes at me leave with him. I followed, figured I'd get him while he was occupied, instead I watched you drive a stake through his heart. What a stake!". He dangled the weapon triumphantly in front of her stricken gaze. "And it didn't stop there, no, I watched you bury him in pieces, before returning to your own truck and heading home wearing a brilliant smile. How is that possible? You don't work for someone? Then why do I smell something other than human? Faint but it's there, Vampire. You work for someone who feeds you blood, we never see it coming, It makes you stronger, faster, but still human. Now before I forget my manners, tell me who you work for."

As she looked at him the realisation hit that this would be the last face she ever saw and bitterness coursed through her. She would not plead for her life. She would not give him the satisfaction of hearing her screams. Perhaps the world would be a better place for what she had done, it was all she could hope for. She was proud of what she'd done. His kind were not infallible, no matter what they may think and so she'd die telling him the truth.

"I don't work for anyone." Her words dripped with venom, there was no point in holding back now. "you want to know why you can smell both human and vampire? Because that's what I am. Years ago, my mother went out with what she thought was a nice guy. He neglected to tell her he was a vampire. He feed on her and left her there but she survived and five months later there was me, I lived but I was not quite human and when she finally told me the truth about who I was and where I came from I swore I'd kill every one of your kind I came across. I hunt for her and others, so they won't have to suffer what she did or worse and the only regret I have about dying now is that I didn't take more of you with me!"

As she spoke her bitterness was quickly replaced by anger until she shouted the last part, hurling the words in his face and when she finished speaking she closed her eyes, waiting to die. When nothing happened she opened them again, to see the vampire standing in the same position with a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Well? What are you waiting for, get it over with you coward!" She snapped, desperation putting a strain on her voice.

Faster than she could blink his mouth was at her neck once more and she froze as she felt the graze of teeth on her pounding pulse point. I will not beg. I will not beg. But he pulled back again and regarded her with a raised eyebrow, "In a hurry to die luv, are we? Not quite yet I think I'd like you to answer a few more questions first."

"What makes you think I will?" She hissed.

He smiled at her arrogantly, flashing his fangs in the progress, "I'm sure your blood would be exquisite".

"I hope you choke on it" she spat.

"Say I believed you," he mused " where did you get your information, how did you know how to spot a vampire, how to kill one?"

"Your kind looks different and when I'm near you I can feel it in the air," she hesitated " It's almost like a shift in the energy, and as for killing you, I didn't know, not for sure, it was trial and error. Heard what you wanted?" She could feel her bravado slipping away as the conversation continued and she had begun to tremble slightly.

"Almost. How many have you killed? And don't bother lying, I can hear your heartbeat."

"Including your friend from last night, nineteen", there was no point in lying now.

His eyes widened for a moment and he paused, "Last chance, luv. Tell me who you work for and I'll let you live."

His hands moved to her neck and he smoothed her hair back she could see the veins begin to protrude under his eyes and feel the pressure of his fangs on her artery but she stared stonily ahead, "I told you everything."

"Look at your bloody eyes!", she started as he caught her face between his hands.

"Don't need to," she mumbled " they change when I'm upset."

He continued to stare intently at her and she stared back, both their gazes matching each other now. He released her and she sagged in the chains, the last of her energy quickly dissipating.

"Unbelievable," he muttered "you're telling the truth, you have to be, only vampires eyes change like that but you have a pulse!".

He ran his hands through his hair and paced away from her. She watched through her hair which had tumbled back across her shoulders as he spun back to face her, stepping into the light once more. It flowed over him making him appear ghostly beautiful, like a fallen angel, but that he was certainly was not.

"We could help each other out, you and I," there was a glimmer of excitement in his eyes now as he met her confused gaze "I could let you live but living comes with conditions. You see," he continued "We share a common goal luv, you hunt vampires, I hunt vampires. We both have our reasons, but another vampire can sense me when I'm close, makes it difficult to take them out without them running. Not you though, all they see is food, but you aren't strong enough to bring down the old ones. You may have gotten nineteen of us but I'm betting they were all young. Against an original like me you wouldn't stand a chance, I'd be picking you out of my teeth within minutes, but together... I'm proposing a deal, you continue to hunt vampires but only those I'm looking for."

An original.. She knew he was old but not that old.. "I'll do it," the words flew out of her mouth before she could think them through,

if she did she probably never speak them "but I have a condition of my own".\_ What am I doing..\_

"Do you?," that made him laugh "hardly in a position to be making demands luv."

"You said I wouldn't stand a chance against you. I disagree. Unchain me and give me my stuff, winner takes all", she stuck her chin out defiantly and watched carefully to discern his reaction.

That arrogant smile was back on his face and his eyes held a definite spark of interest, "And if you win?"

"You die," she said bluntly "If I can win I don't need you, and if I can't you have yourself a deal."

He ran his eyes over her before walking forward slowly and pulling out a key, inserting it into the manacles and twisting.

"well then, let's see what you got" he smirked, for the second time that night.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Chapter 3 XD Feedback is always appreciated and thanks so much to those of you who have left reviews! X\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>They met in the center of what Caroline now realised was some sort of basement, and an incredibly large one at that. There were no windows and the resulting stagnant aroma gave it a dungeon-esque feel. The addition of the echo of the vampires unsoftened footsteps was bringing on a claustrophobic feeling despite its sheer size, the house above it must be quite the sight. Briefly she wondered if she'd live to see the sun again, let alone the house. Her palms were sweaty with apprehension and she swiped them on her jeans, which she had insisted he return to her along with her weapons, much to his amusement. She wasn't about to fight him in her underwear.</p>

"Come on then luv, let's do this, because I'm a gentleman I'll even let you take the first shot" , he had that arrogant smile plastered across his face again and his eyes glittered eagerly.

She began to circle slowly, the vampire mirroring her movements, before taking a deep breath and darting forward, stakes clutched in both hands. She feinted a right swing and when he raised his hand to block, swung low with her left hand, leaving a slash across his midsection but receiving a devastating blow to hers in return which sent her sprawling backwards and sent the one of the stakes flying out of her hand. She sprung to her feet but before she could move he was on her again, raining down blows with brutal force. In mindless defense she stabbed and kicked at whatever was nearest to her but any hits she managed to land didn't seem to slow him. Her breathing became ragged as she blocked blow after blow and she could feel sweat begin to form on her brow. This continued for what felt like an eternity until the room spun as she was thrown backwards once more. She struggled to sit up but failed and slumped backwards once more. Clearly this up close and personal she was outmatched.

"Had enough?", She could make out his smirk through her blurry vision but it took her a moment to get her breath back to answer him.

"Not yet." Her hand whipped out as she spoke and she flung her last stake with incredible speed. She let out a sigh of relief as she watched it sink into his chest and... nothing. He didn't fall. He didn't desiccate. He scarcely blinked just reached up and yanked the stake out of his chest.

"No...", she breathed "no, how is that possible.."

He turned to her and raised an eyebrow, "Had enough now?" he enquired, letting the stake fall to the floor with a clatter. "I'm afraid your toys won't prove effective against me luv, it'll take more than that to take down an Original."

"We had a deal." She glared at him accusingly while continuing to pant heavily.

"Indeed we had luv, winner takes it all, remember?", he spread his arms and tilted his head slightly.

"You cheated." she hissed, blinking as her vision worsened, she wouldn't have to worry about that now, she was dying from her injuries.

"You asked to be unchained and have your weapons returned to you, I can't be held accountable for your poor choice in weapons now can I?"

As her answer, she passed out.

\* \* \*

><p>She was lying on something, something thick and irresistibly soft, like a billowing cloud. She burrowed further inside it and gave a sigh of contentment before freezing abruptly as the previous nights events came flooding back to her. Her eyes snapped open and she saw to her horror that she was in a bed with the vampire. She hastily extracted herself from the blankets and backed as far away from it as she could manage. She expected to feel agonizing pain, given the injuries that had occurred but she felt.. fine.</p>

"Why am I not in a hospital, why am I not dead?!"

"I healed you" he replied blandly, raising himself from where he was sprawled and stretching before leaning back on his elbows to eye her impatiently.

She paused, thrown by the humanness of the gesture, she didn't know what she had expected from a vampires resting place, but the feather soft bed was not it, nor the way he sprawled across it, for some reason she pictured vampires sleeping rigid and corpselike.

"How?"

"Gave you a few drops of my blood, you didn't need much, you heal fast naturally I imagine but you were looking worse for wear. Your

own fault of course, for having suggested that bloody ridiculous match in the first place."

"Vampire blood heals?"

He shut his eyes and flopped back onto the bed as he answered her, "We can discuss this later when I prepare you for our arrangement, until then I'm getting some rest, I suggest you do the same."

She curled her lip and eyed the opposite side of the bed with disgust, "I'm not sleeping with you."

He snorted and there was a brief fumbling on the bed before a blanket hit her in the face.

"Fine by me, sleep on the floor then, you hog the blankets anyway, oh and by the way you won't be able to open that door so don't bother trying, do attempt to keep disturbances to a minimum."

She glowered at him but left with no other alternative she sat on the floor, drew the blanket around her and propped herself against the wall, wrapping her arms around her knees. The blanket didn't provide any padding and it wasn't particularly comfortable but it was better than sleeping next to the vampire. Besides it was unlikely that she'd sleep now, she couldn't relax knowing where she was and gazed around the room instead. There were two doors in the room, the sturdy one the vampire had indicated as the exit there would be no point attempting to use and another which she presumed lead to a bathroom of some sort, though what use it would be to a man without functioning kidneys she wasn't sure.

The room was decorated in hues of grey and white and was sparsely furnished but what furnishings there were looked decadent. The bed dominated the center of the room, its pale grey sheets matching the curtain drawn across the wall nearest to her and two dark wooden lockers stood on either side of it. The lockers matched the dark wood of the floor visible towards the outskirts of the room, the large rectangular white rug stretching from the floor on one side of the bed to the other obscuring the rest of it from view. It looked a hell of a lot softer than floor she was seated on but moving to it would bring her closer to the vampire so she stayed where she was. The lamps on the lockers seemed to be the only source of light in the room.

Her eyes landed on the second door once more, she glanced at the vampire and when he didn't move she pushed herself slowly to her feet and threaded softly towards it, trying to make as little noise as possible. She cracked it open and slipped inside, flicking the nearest switch in the process. The spotlights on the ceiling flickered to life revealing a bathroom, as she had expected. It was almost as big as the bedroom, decorated with tiles of white and dark grey. There was a marble sink with a large mirror covering the wall above it to her right, a walk in shower and a toilet to her left and running along the back wall was jacuzzi tub with a a dark grey rim but it was the small window above it that caught her eye. She had just hauled herself onto the sill and peered outside when the vampires voice sounded behind her.

"If your thinking of climbing to freedom, bad idea luv, we're pretty high up, you wouldn't survive the fall."

He leaned in the doorway, a sheet wrapped around his waist and arms folded across his muscled chest, under the spotlights his skin positively glowed.

"Stop calling me that, my actual name is Caroline." She lowered herself back to the floor again, admonishing herself inwardly for staring. "What is yours by the way? You never did tell me and if we're going to be...working together I should at least know what to call you."

"Klaus." There was that sly smirk on his lips again.

Caroline cleared her throat and continued "Right, well first things first, if I'm going to be helping you hunt vampires I'm clearly going to have to have someone fill in the gaps in my knowledge, like that stake has taken out several other vampires, yet it didn't work on you, why not?"

"First things first luv, I'm not exactly a vampire, I'm a hybrid and before I became that I wasn't just a regular vampire either, I'm an original and its like I said last night it'll take more than that to take down one of us."

She stared, stunned, "...A hybrid?"

He nodded, "I'm part vampire but I'm also part wolf, one of a kind."

She stood there in silence for a few moments absorbing it,\_ part wolf, \_that meant there was more to the supernatural world than she had known, what else did she not know about? It also meant that he was more like her than she cared to admit, \_one of a kind\_.

"Why are you trusting me with this, what makes you think I won't use it against you?" She folded her arms across her chest, mirroring him and considered him curiously.

At that he straightened and leaned forward, "Its like this luv, if I suspect your planning on betraying me I'll kill you and if that doesn't scare you we've already established I followed you home the other night so if you've got anyone there that you care about I strongly suggest that if you come at me, you don't miss. Besides you help me get what I want and I'll help you get what you want."

Caroline snorted, \_doubtful\_, "And what could you possibly know about what I want?"

"Let's just say you're not the only one with a deadbeat father, and going by the hatred you deflect towards our kind I imagine the prospect of finding him and driving a stake through his chest would serve as a good incentive and given all vampires derive from the sire lines of my family I can enable you to do that."

She hesitated, "And why would you help me do that? And furthermore why do you even want to kill vampires?"

"Motivation. I reckon you hate him more than you hate me and as for the second question it's not something you need to bother yourself

about for the moment," he arched an eyebrow at her, "So, deal?"

"Deal." It was an opportunity too good to pass up, and one she'd learn to stomach even him for.

"Excellent," his smirk was back in place "Now, a few weeks of hard training will be needed before we actually go after anything, you have a good aim but your hand to hand combat leaves much to be desired, as we discovered last night-"

"If you hadn't cheated you'd be six feet under by now", she interrupted, glaring.

Klaus rolled his eyes before reentering the bedroom and inserting a key into the lock and twisting, the door swung open, "Come on then, there's no time like the present to get started" he threw over his shoulder.

She bit back a snarky response and followed him deeper into the house.

End  
file.